New Bedford Friday Evening
Sept 30. 1842

Dear Deborah,

I have had a hard afternoon. I went to school in a distrait state of mind; then the children acted worse than usual & the lessons had to be hurried in order to take the accounts. Mr Beane said his boys behaved vilely & he rather hurt than helped matters by coming in & talking a[t] some of my girls pell mell. All my strength was used up finally in dismissing them, seat by seat, which operation I think nonsense. However the afternoon ended & I came home. At night came 2 Posts & a Notion. It has taken me most of the evening to read them, losing a half an hour that Mrs Beane came in & sat with me, with the kind intention I suppose of cheering me up. I don't see why Garrison should think Solomon Carpenter's sending for the $1000 more out of taste than his offering it. I am afraid I am painfully captious but H. C. Wright's letter strikes me as mere talk. He cannot pass off separation from the Widow Stickney as a living martyrdom. Farewell. Tis half past 9 &c. I am going to bed. Saturday night. After breakfast I thoroughly swept & dusted & put to rights, did up the whole room, drawers &c dressed to go to the P. O. Nothing there. When I came back I found Mr Holmes here calling, but I did not go into the room. I only hung over the banisters, or rather kept my room door open to hear him talk. Mrs Beane brought up the pew matter again, & he talked viler than before. Of course they could not walk into him as we did, but they continued in the most innocent manner to say a great many provoking things. Mr Beane told him that if he refused to give his reasons for any course of conduct as to slavery he must not expect that people would suppose he could give a reason for any thing he did, or some thing to that effect. & Mrs B. begged him to explain where she was wrong, saying "of course you don't expect to alter any body by a mere expression of opinion". He never asked for us. The Beanes held their own tolerably very well for them. This afternoon I reckoned up school accounts & sewed on my gown. Elizabeth Taber called & was much surprised to find you gone; she sent you her love & told me to tell you sickness had prevented her calling

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I then called at the Emersons, but Mrs E. was out. Mr E. was gone
to Taunton. To night came your letter. I suppose I could have
prevented it had I tried, but I did not care to. I sate down
& cried just as long as I wanted to & nobody said why do ye
so? I had a letter from Aunt Mary, but there was nothing
special in it. She did not seem aware of your coming so
soon. I am truly thankful you are where you are. & I
am thankful Caroline's school is through. — I see by the paper
that Lord Morpeth has sailed in the G. W. Mrs B. has been in
& sat awhile & I now desire to go to bed. I might be far
worse off, for I can think with comfort of going to bed. I will
write to Mary tomorrow.
Sunday night 8 o'clock. I went to Hawley's this morning. The church
was very full. I stumbled into Amos Bates' pew & no one else
came in. Hawley preached what to me was a rather prosy
unfruitful discourse. The Beanes went to hear Hitchcock & liked
him pretty well. I could not bring myself to go any where this
afternoon. I staid at home & after I had sat still as long as
I could, I went to reading Edwards on the Affections &
thought it a very good book. He lays such a stress on
works as would astonish the ministers of the present generation.
To night Mr & Mrs Beane have gone off to meeting, though his
cold is so bad he can hardly speak & she has had a most
dreadful pain in her face & never slept a wink all night.
I would not say a word to dissuade them but told her
I was going down to Mr Emersons. I suppose she thought it
wicked but I was beginning to feel so bad that I thought
I had better go somewhere. Mrs E. received me gladly. She
went to the Quaker Meeting in the morning & no where in
the afternoon. Mr E. went to Horne's all day. By & bye
Whipple came in with Lydia Harte & he told me that Ja
Joseph Congdon was going to Boston tomorrow, so I hurried
home to write and he is to call & take it. As I am in
a haste I must compress what I have to say. I am thinking
of coming to town next Friday afternoon at any rate. I
feel as if I might ever after be sorry that I did not.
I have said nothing to Mr Beane about it as yet, nor
shall I till I hear from you. I could leave my first French

Claſs after school on Friday Morning & the other two Miſs Chace could hear. You know in the Afternoon I have only these 3 Claſses. I should get back Monday morning in time to hear all but one leſson. I believe J. Congdon returns Tuesday. At any rate he will call for letters on Tuesday morning *Wm thinks*. You will see to it that he has a letter. Write what you & Caroline think I had better do. Do not be troubled at all about me. I get along well enough, even to the doing of my hair.

With love to all yrs ever AWW.

I believe you carried off a chemise of mine & left yours, but tis no matter.

Miſs Deborah Weston
39. Summer street.
Boston.

Kindneſs of Mr Joseph Congdon.

Ms. A.9.2.12.94